

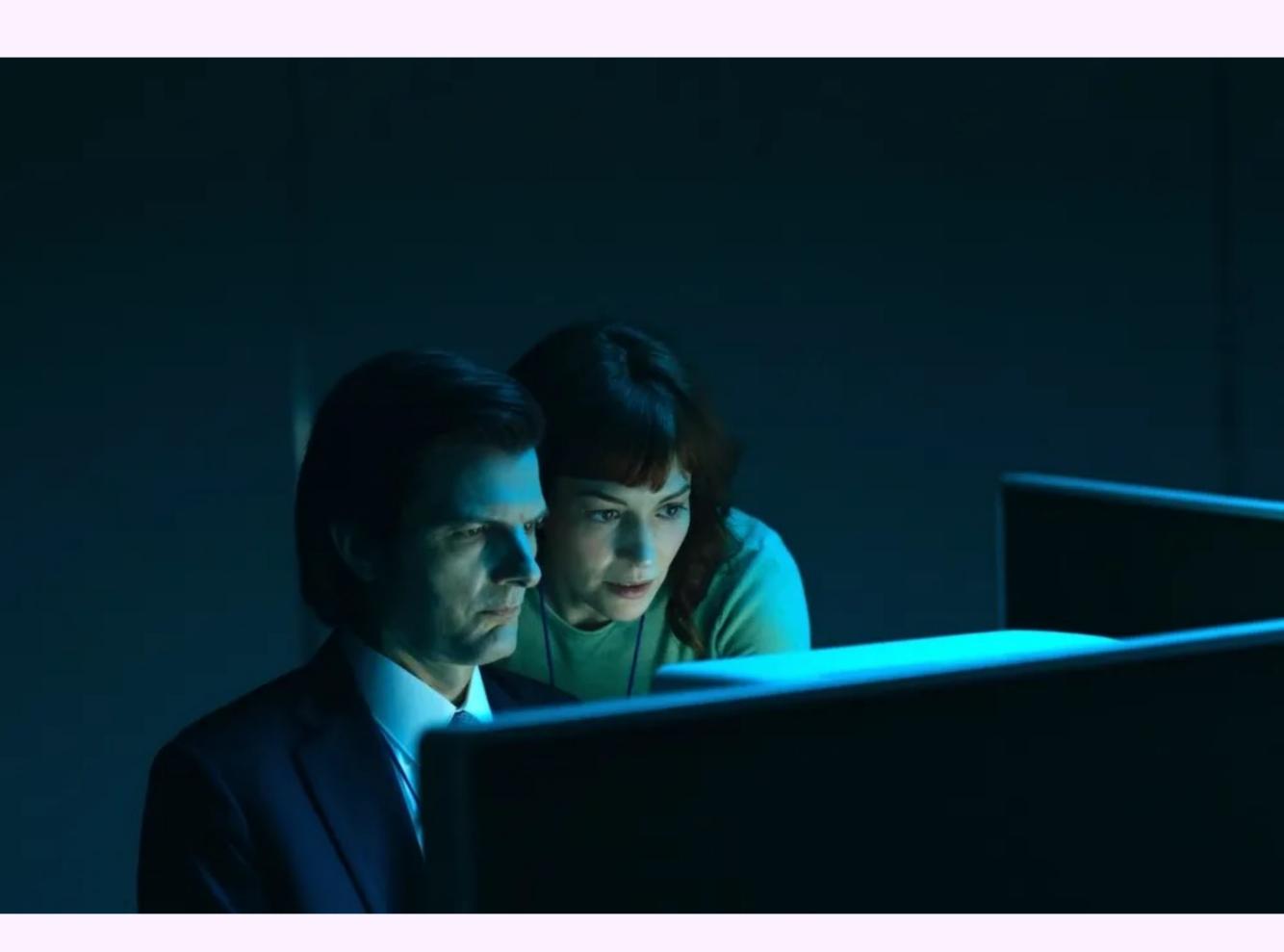
Berty Cadilhac

"GENi"

Series - 8 x 45 min

Pitch

A team of seven young researchers, selected for their exceptional intelligence and moral flexibility, is tasked with accelerating human evolution.



Tone

The dizzying technology of "Black Mirror" meet the simultaneously mundane and surreal office life of "Severance." These researchers might have a very high IQ, they struggle with many challenges including very down to earth faced when sharing a living space.

No tech jargon here, it's all about relationships and the power of imagination. The researchers' biting humour mirrors the cynicism of their enterprise. They work tirelessly in laboratories to decipher the human species. They observe us, and in turn, we observe them, fascinated and concerned to see a group of kids deciding the future of humanity.

Concept

Eugene Core is the **wealthiest man in the world**, a CEO both admired and feared. He founded the conglomerate "GENi," an empire encompassing the most powerful **tech companies**. His employees work tirelessly, considering it a privilege to serve the ambitions of this visionary, a guru who inspires and fascinates them.

In this predominantly **male** environment, **Alix** stands out as a young woman with high ambitions on top of an exceptional IQ. Like her colleagues, she is more captivated by scientific pursuits than ethical dilemmas, refusing to let moral considerations impede her ambitions.

She naturally finds her place in an ultra-secret project aimed at **enhancing the human species**. After all, no one today regrets our evolution from Neanderthals; the process of **evolution** is positive and natural, albeit too slow for Eugene Core's liking.

Alix is part of a group of **seven high-potential new hires**. These young researchers are tasked with determining the optimal "match" of male and female partners to eventually generate perfect humans. These couples are subtly encouraged to meet through a popular **dating app**.

However, suspicion begins to arise among the young researchers, leading them to question the integrity and practices of their organisation.

They live and work on a site so secure that they are only permitted to leave after an initial three-month period of **strict isolation**. Their motivation wavers between the thrill of working on such an ambitious project and the ethical questions it raises.

While other departments study ants and bees, the young colleagues eventually realise that another type of living creature is being studied in these facilities: themselves. Their parents were early adopters of the dating website, twenty-five years ago. They were brought together because their combined "profiles" would result in offspring with exceptionally high IQs. The young researchers were hired not just for their research skills, but also to **be studied** as the first generation of optimised humans.

Alix, blinded by her ambition and a sudden infatuation with the CEO, whose "profile" apparently matches hers perfectly, is in denial, she still believes that this project will benefit humanity, and that a relationship with Eugene is on the cards.

However, she quickly realises that a romantic relationship is not part of the CEO's plan.

Her next discovery will forever change her perception of the organisation. She participated in an "egg freezing" programme for deferred fertility, only to find that her eggs are being used, among others, to create fetuses that grow in artificial wombs within a massive "womb farm."

Along with her fellow researchers, she plans to escape the highly secured premises.

This sinister organisation may sound like a distant, **dystopian** enterprise. But when billionaires like Elon Musk and Peter Thiel share their vision for humankind, it's worth considering the possibilities that technology might bring them.

Between **Artificial Intelligence** and **gene** manipulation, a dark future could be on the horizon. Who knows, such cynical programs might already be under development in the underground labs of Texas or China.

The protagonists are young and **awkward** researchers. They were never the "cool kids," but they are open-minded, creative, and possess a dry sense of humour. However, they often lack **common sense** or intuition, especially in romantic relationships.

A young woman named "36" assists her gifted but vulnerable half-brother, "25." Though she has an average IQ compared to the rest of the team, she is grounded and understands human psychology, proving that intelligence is not merely linear but a blend of various abilities.

Their interactions are fun and relatable. Much like the protagonists in "Severance," they navigate a stifling, mysterious, and unhealthy universe, yet remain human above all. We grow attached to them, project ourselves into their characters, and understand their fascination with discovery and their desire to live at the heart of progress.

Artist statement - by Berty Cadilhac

Fiction or reality?

Reality increasingly outstrips fiction. Simply turn on the television or browse the internet, and it becomes evident that screenwriters face stiff competition from certain world leaders.

Consequently, it falls to us to think more deeply, to write more boldly and to ensure that our visions are ahead of our time, rather than trailing behind events that overwhelm us.

I appreciate technology; it has the potential to bring about genuine progress in our daily lives and on a global scale. However, science without conscience can lead us into unforeseen perils. This series envisions a large-scale nightmare brewing in secrecy. The focus is not on technology itself, but on human emotions. Even the most serious scientists seek validation from those they admire. Robots are not the danger; humans are.

The future is now

In this project, technology takes a backseat. It is essential that viewers can understand the stakes, the terminology, and the tools being used. I have no intention of overwhelming the audience with incomprehensible technical jargon; the real questions are human and around ethics. Human interactions and conflicts will create tension and drama, no one cares about lines of code or algorithmic calculations.

Ideally this series will contribute to raising awareness about the risks posed by increasingly powerful tools in the hands of unstable individuals.

Free will

Only a few of us will ever work on a major scientific project. But most of us can relate to the limitations of employment. Whether you work in a café, a gym, or within a vast corporate structure, employment often comes at the cost of freedom.

I worked for many years in a very large corporation. It has its perks, and some people thrive in this system, but for me it also carried the sense of being locked inside a virtual prison. In this series, I want to evoke that suffocating feeling of spending endless hours in an environment that resembles a gilded cage.

The premises in GENi are windowless and soulless; there is no escape. Brutalist concrete stretches everywhere, no plants, just harsh neon light and machines.

It's also a reflection on free will. The scientists are told they can leave, but deep down they fear that doing so might mean "death". Once you're out, you're truly out; you lose touch with those still inside. I have seen many successful executives fall into depression after being let go from roles that once gave them purpose and identity. Your status, your sense of power, all of it can vanish overnight. The feeling of control is, ultimately, an illusion. The scientists in GENi are being studied for their ability to accept their fate, for their capacity to avoid questioning anything. Certainty is comforting, but doubt is necessary.

Flawed geniuses

I've had the privilege of crossing paths with a few individuals of exceptional intelligence, often with engineering backgrounds. These encounters are humbling, yet what's striking is that such individuals are often more humble than most of us. A high IQ is far from a guarantee of happiness. In fact, it often comes with challenges in forming deep human connections.

Alix faces an even greater sense of difference, being a woman in a predominantly male world.

The lack of diversity in certain fields, combined with difficulties navigating romantic relationships, contributes to the rise of a "masculinist" undercurrent. This isn't science fiction, it's a reality.

I hope that by weaving this question of gender into the narrative, we can break some taboos and highlight the pressing need for humanism within the realm of technological research.

Characters

Alix

As a child, Alix's idea of play was anything but playful. She preferred observing, analysing, and learning. Other kids simply didn't interest her. As she grew into adolescence, she remained aloof from her peers. There was no time for laughter or fun, she was driven by an unrelenting need to work harder and push further, all in pursuit of being the best. Alix thrives on competition, and nothing motivates her more than outperforming the boys, especially in their own domain: technology.



Her ambition knows no bounds, but to rise through the ranks, she'll have to break out of her shell. Her heart may seem cold, guarded even. Yet in the presence of Eugene, the CEO, she feels a rush of something both thrilling and unsettling, a wonderful sensation that both excites and unnerves her.

36



"36" grew up in a cult-like environment, one patriarch, seven wives, forty-nine children. She spent most of her childhood caring for her siblings, and even now, she looks after her half-brother, "25." She reminds him to drink water, to get some sleep, to feel safe.

Unlike the other researchers, she seems completely "normal" in every way. But her personality is far more complex than it appears. She might be playing a double game, possibly a member of the Resistance.

Or perhaps she's something else entirely: a mole, quietly identifying the weak links and reporting them to their employer.

Botan



25

The mind of "25" never ceases to fascinate his colleagues. He can recite the digits of Pi for seventeen hours straight. His intelligence is an undeniable asset to the research team, who are thrilled to work alongside a living legend.



However, his exceptional abilities come with significant drawbacks that hinder his daily functioning. Diagnosed as an "idiot savant", he struggles to control his emotions, and his unfiltered communication with colleagues can be bewildering, sometimes amusing, but often irritating.

Botan is just as intelligent as the other researchers, but unlike them, he's easily distracted and loves to joke around. He struggles with the feeling of being trapped on a campus where no one ever leaves. His mischievous spirit sometimes works against him, troublemakers aren't exactly welcome in this tightly controlled environment.

He tries to show Alix the joy of human connection, but she's not so quick to step out of her bubble.

Eugene

Eugene possesses superior intelligence, but his true gift is his ability to attract talent. He knows how to persuade and charm, and everyone longs to catch his captivating gaze. With just a smile, he can unsettle you, and with a kind word, validate your existence.

He has no qualms about taking credit for others' work, knowing that the public prefers to believe in a single visionary leader rather than acknowledging the team behind him. In such a setting, who will dare challenge his boundless ambitions and risk being cast out from the inner circle that enjoys privileged access to this radiant king?



Ninety-nine young graduates are gathered in a large, sterile room, the air thick with anticipation and the faint hum of fluorescent lights. They are about to undergo an advanced mathematics test, the culmination of a year-long internship at GENi, a shadowy conglomerate of cutting-edge technology companies. This final series of exams will not merely determine their assignments but seal their fates within the branches of GENi, some of which are shrouded in prestige, while others are whispered to be dead-end paths to obscurity.

Among the 99 candidates, only 12 are women. One of them is Alix, who stands out like a lone wolf among sheep. She is less nerdy than most, her detached demeanour a stark contrast to the nervous chatter of her peers. Alix prefers the solace of her own thoughts, her eyes often lost in the distance as if seeing something invisible to others.

The highest IQ among them belongs to a young man known only as "25." Diagnosed as an "idiot savant," his mind is a whirring machine of calculations and patterns, but it comes at a cost. "25" struggles with the most basic social interactions, his eyes always slightly unfocused, his speech halting and awkward. He is tethered to the world by his half-sister, called "36," who watches over him with a fierce protectiveness.

The final test is not a test of knowledge but of character. The candidates are led into a vast, dimly lit maze, the air filled with an unsettling silence. They are handed Augmented Reality masks and given a chilling task: shoot people and animals infected with a deadly virus. But as they begin, they are confronted with a horrifying sight. The infected look exactly like their family and friends. The system has mined their social media accounts, and with the help of AI, created doppelgangers so realistic that most participants falter, their resolve crumbling.

Only seven participants complete the "game" and emerge from the maze. Alix, "25," the charming Botan, Jeremy, Dimitri, and an eerie pair of twins. But their triumph is short-lived. Instead of being rewarded, they are shunned, exiled to a company that manages an antiquated dating app, with a conservative ethos.

At first, the group of seven feels like outcasts. It seems they've been marked as defective, brilliant, but lacking empathy.

But slowly, they begin to realise that they have not been punished but chosen. They are ushered into a classified project, led by the enigmatic CEO, Eugene Core. With a messianic fervor, Eugene reveals that this project is a strategic strike at the heart of humanity's future. The seven employees are bound together by a shared secret and a chilling sense of destiny.

The "maze" scene is reminiscent of Squid Game



The seven young researchers are elated, and more than a little flattered, to be selected for the project. Yet beneath their excitement lingers a sense of unease. The true nature of the entity they've joined remains vague, cloaked in secrecy.

Their enthusiasm surges when they're led into a hidden chamber housing a breathtaking machine: a quantum computer unlike anything they've ever imagined. As mathematical prodigies, they are granted access to what may well be the most powerful computing system on the planet. But wonder quickly gives way to something colder.

This privilege comes at a price.

To protect the project's confidentiality and maintain absolute focus, they are told they must remain onsite, in complete isolation, for three full months. The directive is delivered by an iron-fisted director, a man who speaks in clipped, military tones. He draws on his past as a nuclear submarine commander to illustrate their situation.

"When you board a vessel on a covert mission," he says, "you vanish. No contact. No escape. This is no different."

They won't have any contact with the outside world, management will keep their parents updated on their wellbeing. The next time they see daylight will be in ninety days.

For Botan, the most extroverted among them, this lockdown feels like a prison sentence. He struggles to envision life without his mobile phone and social media. The others, more reserved, convince themselves they can endure it.

Alix, however, is deeply unsettled when she learns that she won't have access to Xanax. She'll have to face her anxiety raw, and this in itself increases her anxiety.

When their true mission is finally unveiled, it lands like a cold blade.

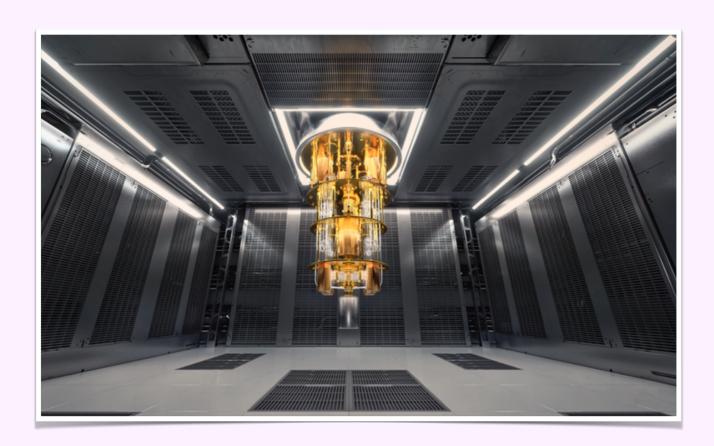
They are here to assist human "Evolution."

Humanity, they're told, has stalled. Our genetic blueprint loops in on itself, failing to generate improved individuals. Eugene's vision is radical: he wants to transcend natural selection and push the species forward, by re-engineering the human brain.

The room falls silent. The implications are vast. Alarming.

Jeremy speaks up, visibly shaken. This is wrong, he claims. It's unnatural. But the response is swift and clinical: You signed up for three months.

That night, after curfew, Jeremy tries to slip away. Silent corridors stretch endlessly. He reaches the outer doors, but something, or someone, intercepts him.



the quantic computer

The next day, the six remaining researchers are informed that Jeremy has abruptly left the program.

Botan, his eyes shadowed from a restless night, declares his intention to follow suit. The strange, coffin-like "pods" that serve as their beds have left him feeling claustrophobic and exposed. The constant proximity to his colleagues is a suffocating reminder of their isolation. The departments are siloed, cut off from one another, amplifying the sense of entrapment.

But "36" pulls him aside, she suspects that Jeremy didn't just quit or leave. He was "terminated," she says. She has no evidence, no way to confirm her suspicions. They are cut off from the world outside, no internet access, their communications monitored. It's impossible to get in touch with Jeremy to check on his welfare.

Later, a brief motivational seminar breaks the routine. The speaker is a retired marathon champion. "It's easy to be great," he says. "But to be the greatest? That takes sacrifice.

Obsession. If you're not here to make history, you don't belong here at all."

The message hangs heavy in the air, as much threat as encouragement.

The unease between colleagues grows heavier. But in the midst of it, Alix steps up.

Composed, determined, she urges the group to refocus. Not on fear, but on their mission. The algorithms they're working on, she says, are a gift, intellectually exhilarating, world-changing. Her poise and control don't go unnoticed.

Soon after, her project director, Mrs. Dermot, an elegant woman with the chill of an autopsy room, grants her special access to another department. A biolab, hidden deep within the facility. There, biologists study ants and bees, vast colonies of them housed behind reinforced glass. The focus: collective intelligence, the evolution of social species, and the identification of optimal "profiles."

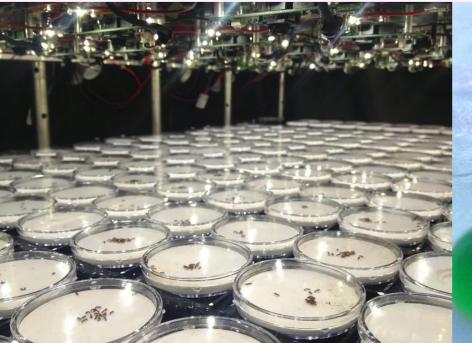
The insects are beautiful. Terrifying. Tirelessly efficient.

But her promotion fractures the group dynamic. Jealousy simmers just beneath the surface. In a place where they can't leave, can't log off, can't decompress, every glance becomes a threat. Every silence becomes suspicion.

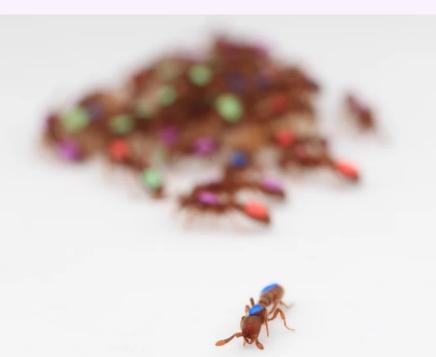
Then the bees begin to act aggressively. The accelerated evolution has equipped them with strong mandibles, that can now saw through the seals that separate them from their watchers. One breaks free. Then more.

Chaos follows.

The swarms lash out in a fury, stinging, biting, moving with intelligence far beyond instinct. Panic consumes the lab as alarms shriek and glass shatters. Scientists scream and run away.







Alix and the other scientists flee through the labyrinthine corridors. Security doors slam shut, and traps them with the very threat they're desperate to escape. The bees swarm relentlessly, and sting the researchers. Some collapse, while others manage to find refuge in a cramped, claustrophobic safe room.

Alix is among the lucky few, her heart pounding as they shut the large door, leaving the bees on the other side. Through a narrow glass panel, she watches as automated security robots begin to emit a sleeping gas, deadly to any human who inhales too much of it. Alix watches in horror as Mrs. Dermot crumples to the ground, her body convulsing briefly before falling still.

The departments are so isolated from one another, that Botan, 25 and the rest of the team are unaware of the deadly incident.

Alix says nothing of what she's witnessed to her colleagues. When they're informed that "Mrs. Dermot has chosen to explore other opportunities," she realises that this organisation deals in lies and deceit, but she chooses to keep her silence.

Her discretion is rewarded with another promotion. She is now the interim project director, filling the void left by Mrs. Dermot's abrupt "departure." The taste of power is intoxicating, it fuels her ambition and dulls the edges of her fear.

At a mandatory "theatrical workshop," designed to boost morale, Alix seizes her moment. "I am the queen," she declares, her voice steady and sure. She can see it now, her future is here, a relentless climb up the ranks of this shadowy organisation.

That evening, "25" confesses his feelings for her in a halting, awkward confession. His vulnerability is disarming. When she turns him down, the tears come quickly. He recounts the deaths of his three sisters, gone in quick succession, before he could even understand the meaning of grief.

Alix, in an unexpected moment of empathy, tells him she lost a sibling too.

That night, after lights out, she takes him to the ant farm. Under the eerie glow of ultraviolet lights, the structure takes on a surreal, otherworldly beauty. But "25" notices something puzzling.



"25" stares into the ultraviolet glow of the ant farm, his pupils dilated, entranced.

"It's a brain," he whispers, almost reverently. "Not just a nest."

Alix leans closer. What looked like random tunnels now begins to reveal itself: a vast, complex 3D architecture, a mirror of a neural network. Each tunnel echoes a synaptic path. Each movement, a pulse in a larger consciousness.

The colony becomes something greater than itself. And by studying this structure, the idea is probably to design a more efficient brain for Humans 2.0.

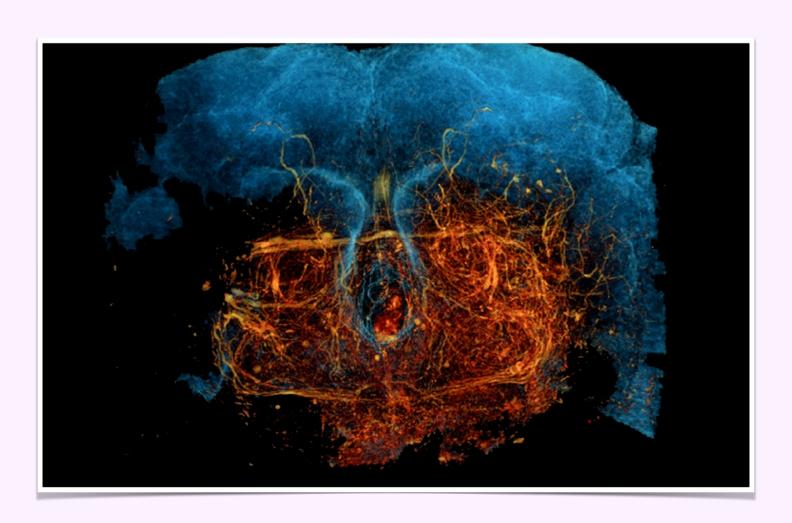
Alix is determined to secure her position as the new director. She struggles with the nuances of people management, but she is driven, relentless in her pursuit of success. She had initially refused to participate in the "deferred fertility" program. But she quickly realises that such defiance is not tolerated here. She accepts to participate in the programme.

At the health center, she takes a wrong turn and stumbles upon a vast, sterile room filled with two hundred empty hospital beds. The facility is a grim secret, its purpose shrouded in mystery. Why would they need such a place, she wonders, her mind racing with dark possibilities.

Meanwhile, the others begin to talk more openly. Each of them, it turns out, has lost at least one sibling. They all died due to weak health as infants. Statistically this is puzzling.

The pressure inside the facility is building. There are whispers about China making alarming progress in a similar programme. The bar is raised, not just enhancing intelligence, but designing personalities. Shaping humans to fit precise societal roles. Architects, caregivers, soldiers. Each one bred with built-in cooperation. Loyalty. Compliance.

The twins are brilliant hackers. They breach the internal system. What they find is not just disturbing, it's shattering.



A key part of their mission has been to work on "profile number", a sixteen digit number that summarises a human's full personality and brain structure.

For the first time they discover their own "profile number". And they're eerily close to each other, all but one digit is the same. This does not apply to 36 or Dimitri who's profile number is totally different. It's as if each of the team members had been manufactured, their very existence preordained by the very same process they have been working on. They begin to suspect that they are not merely employees but subjects. They are part of this carefully controlled experiment.

25, unable to contain his guilt, spills the secret to Alix. She pretends she already knew, but inside she reels. In the privacy of her quarters, she dives into the internal "Match Checker", a tool used to simulate pairings, projecting psychological and biological compatibility of two parents, as well as the theoretical potential of any offspring.

Her assumption is that she might be expected to start a relationship with one of her male colleagues, to create a next generation of babies.

She enters her profile code and theirs, but nothing remarkable comes out, the system doesn't consider this "combo" to be a "a match".

Out of curiosity, she finds Eugene Core's profile number, and enters it against her. *Perfect match*.

A projected offspring profile appears, off the charts in every category.

Alix stares at the results, her pulse pounding. Is this... coincidence? Or another step in a long-laid plan? She recalls Eugene's gaze, the calm authority in his voice. His magnetism. She'd always found herself drawn to him, the thought of being chosen by him sends a thrill down her spine.

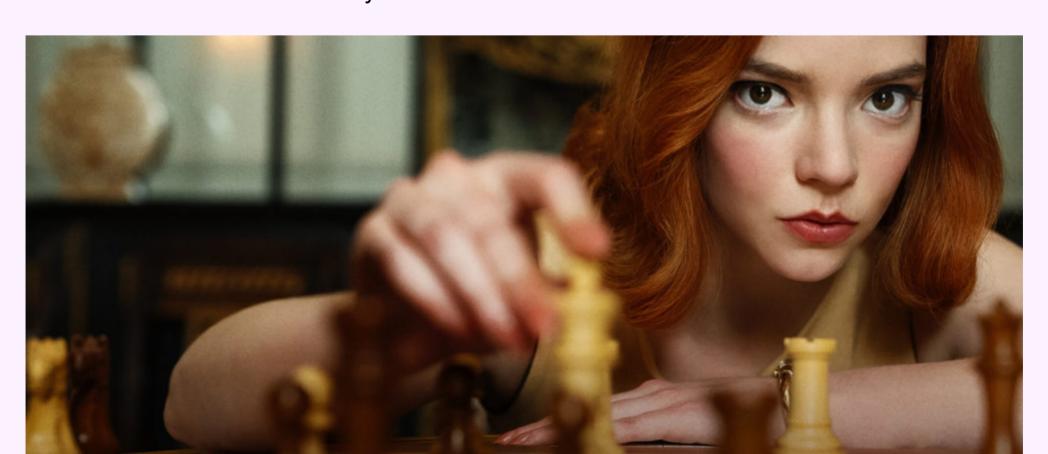
The feeling unsettles her. She's never fallen for anyone. Never cared. Never wanted. Now, she's caught in a strange limbo, part obsession, part destiny, part dread. She feels like a teenager again, but under a microscope.

Meanwhile, the others begin to notice strange marks on their bodies, small, circular bruises that appear overnight and fade during the day. They try to rationalise them, but the unease grows, a gnawing suspicion that something is very, very wrong.

The team's paranoia intensifies, a creeping dread that seeps into every interaction. They begin to question everything and suspect everyone.

What happens after the three-month lockdown? They've seen too much. Learned too much. They know about the manipulation, the genetic shaping, the hive-like vision for humanity's future. Could GENi really allow them to return to the outside world, carrying knowledge that could unravel the company? The fear metastasizes. They begin watching each other. Trust erodes. Even 36, once a quiet pillar of calm, is now a suspected informant. Every word might be reported. Every silence, interpreted as defiance.

Paranoia becomes their new currency.



The illusion of autonomy has shattered.

The team now sees their presence in the facility for what it truly is, not as young prodigies handpicked for a breakthrough project, but as specimens. Products. Lab rats in a maze disguised as a research programme. Every word they speak, every flicker of emotion, every deviation from the norm, they're all being logged, processed, studied.

The work they perform, the "algorithms," the "modelling", now feels like a distraction. A sandbox designed to keep their minds busy while their behaviours are dissected behind closed doors.

Alix refuses to believe it. She's the last holdout. Loyal to the vision. Loyal to Eugene.

While the others whisper about surveillance and consent, she clings to her belief in the system. Eugene, she argues, is a visionary, not a villain. Her fierce defense earns her a nickname whispered in half-jest, half-concern: fangirl.

She doesn't mind, she just wants to see him again, not as a scientist but as someone whose life might entwine with his. She knows their profiles match, and she's certain he does know too. Maybe he's just waiting for the right moment to reach out. Maybe he's already watching her more closely than she realises.

She asks her manager for a meeting with Eugene. Her persistence becomes exhausting, until he finally allows it.

The encounter is a humiliation.

Eugene barely looks at her. He's distracted, cold. A handshake, a few generic words. And then the blow: a new director is on their way. Her "interim" role is ending. Alix is dismissed like a stranger.

The disappointment is visceral. More than rejection, it's an existential collapse. She isn't just overlooked, she was never seen at all.

When she confides in 36, the response isn't sympathy, it's a wake up call. "They have your eggs", she points out, which could be used to create babies behind her back.

Alix goes cold. The possibility that her genetic material could be used without consent grips her with a nauseating clarity.

She waits for the facility to sleep.

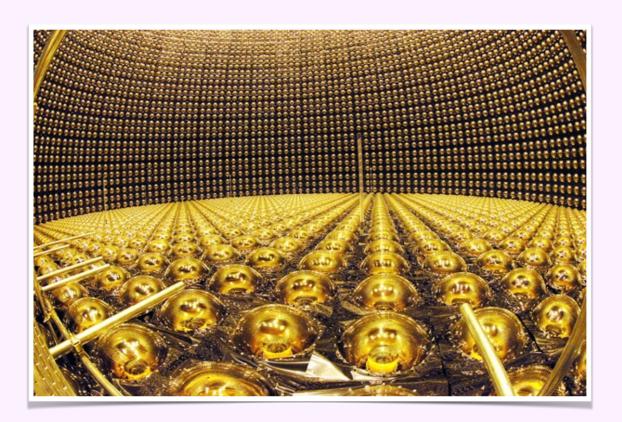
Then, moving like prey through a silent, monitored ecosystem, she sneaks into the health center. She passes locked doors, labs humming behind glass, until she finds it.

A massive room, with rows upon rows of translucent artificial wombs stretch out in all directions. Thousands. Each containing a fetus suspended in fluid, curled in sleep.

A mechanised cradle for a new generation of engineered humans. Not predicted. Not selected. Manufactured.

The artificial heartbeat generated by the machinery is horrifying. They've moved beyond theory. Beyond ethics. They're not planning the future, they're producing it.

The following day, she tells the rest of the team: "Let's get out of here."



The womb farm

After the curfew, they wait in their respective sleeping pods, they decided to escape an hour after the official sleeping time. Despite their excitement and determination, they all fall into a deep, unnatural sleep. The next day, they wake with a creeping dread, the realisation dawning that their "sleeping pods" are not sanctuaries but traps, the air laced with a potent sleeping gas that renders them helpless.

The following night, they fight against the insidious fumes, breathing through wet cloths, their hearts pounding with a mix of fear and resolve. But a few minutes before the scheduled escape time, a number of robots arrive in their dorms, their mechanical arms reaching out to take them away. They pretend to sleep while they are taken into a different room, and subjected to a battery of tests, their brains probed and analysed, the small red bruises that they had noticed on their scalps is now explained by the small suction hooks positioned on their scalps.

This, they understand now, has been happening every night.

As they are taken back to their sleeping quarters, they decide to jump off their transportation robot, and run to find a way out.

They quickly get confused about the direction to take, and stumble upon the "womb farm". Apart from Alix, none of them had seen this monstrosity. An eerie lullaby is heard throughout each cell, some of the researchers lose their cool and try to unplug the whole system.

But others fight back, some of the fetuses are months old, this destruction of life is unethical. They fight, eventually the current is turned off. But a few seconds later, a backup battery kicks in, and the machine goes on.

Alix identifies the seven artificial wombs that correspond to her and the CEO. With a chilling calm, she destroys the thick spherical glass with a fire extinguisher.

Meanwhile, the ant farm, once a model of order and industry, descends into chaos. The ants turn on each other, their tiny bodies a seething mass of violence and destruction. It's a chilling echo of the turmoil within the group, a grim reminder of the fragile nature of their unity.

Through the maze of corridors, the young researchers struggle to find a way out. The lifts are leading to nowhere, their floor indications are misleading, they in fact do not move. A giant spiral that they thought was going down like in an underground car park ramp turns out to be a circle.

They are going round and round, and start feeling like hamsters in a cage, lab rats quietly observed and unable to escape a cage with no one out.

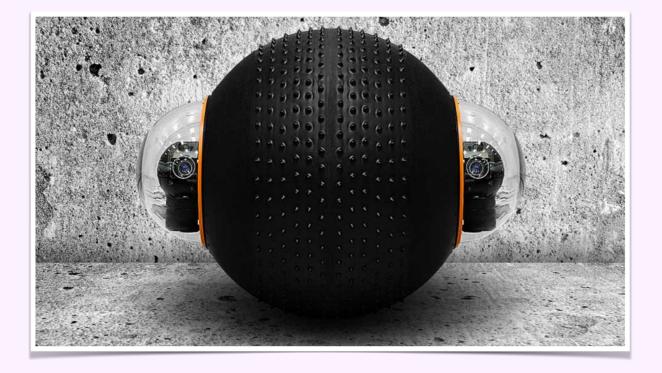
The twins are the first to give up, they reintegrate their rooms hoping that they won't be punished for this attempt to escape the system.

Dimitri is revealed to be the mole. His betrayal sends a ripple of shock and anger through the group. He was one of the architects of the escape attempt, all this seems to be carefully orchestrated, a sinister and scripted experiment. Botan gives up too, only Alix, "25," and "36" still believe they can leave this trap.

But they eventually get stuck between corridor security doors. The "ball robots" roll towards them. They begin to emit a thick, choking gas, the fumes filling the corridor, their lungs burning as they struggle to breathe.

It's the same smell as the sleeping gas that puts them to sleep, but as Alix remembers from the bees attack, a larger quantity can lead to death.

The three young colleagues collapse, their bodies convulsing briefly before falling still. It's unclear whether they will ever wake up.



The robot security guards

